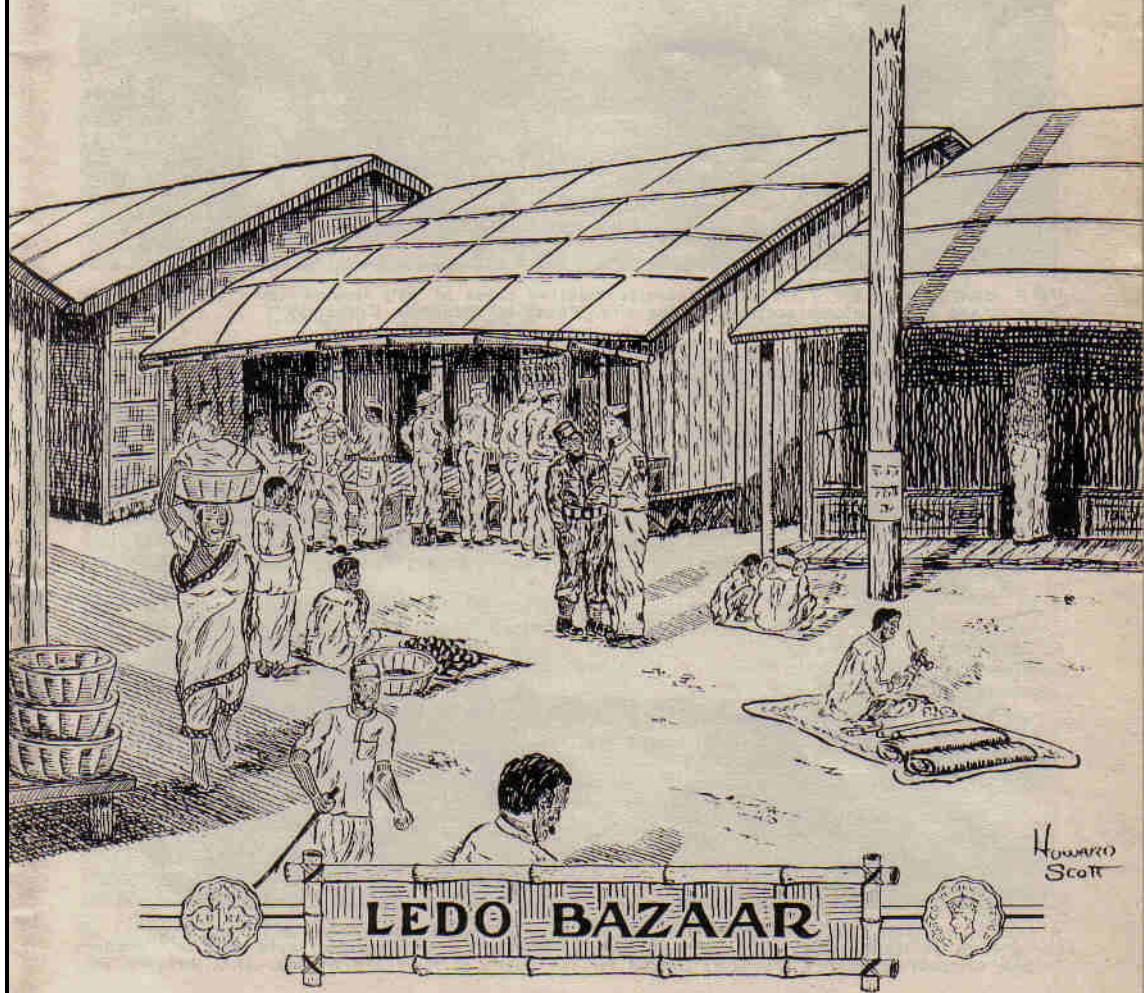


Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —



January
1953





THE MEREWETHER TOWER, a favorite meeting place of GI's in downtown Karachi, India. This is one of the nicest sections of the city. Photo by Pakistan Embassy.



A DOUGLAS C-47 tow plane, in one of the most delicate air operations, snatches a glider off the ground at Hailakandi, India. The gliders, of the 1st Air Commandos, were used to transport British General Wingate's troops to Burma for the battle of Northern Burma. U.S. Army photo.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA-BURMA-INDIA

Vol. 7, No. 1

January, 1953

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published bi-monthly by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theatre during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

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Letter FROM the Editor . . .

● **A few years ago** Roundup put in a plea for rosters with names and addresses of CBI-ers. We received hundreds and were thus able to send each a postal card telling about Roundup's existence. Now we'd like to again ask for such rosters for the same purpose. Or, if you have the addresses of any CBI men and women with whom you are in contact, send them to us that we may send them a card. And don't forget to pass on to CBI folk the subscription blanks which we've been enclosing with your magazine.

● **You'll note** in this issue a double-page advertisement, announcing the publication of Boyd Sinclair's book. It is now in the hands of the publisher and will be off the presses early next year (we hope). The book is certainly the finest yet written on CBI. Read the ad, then send in your order.

● **To the many, many** readers who have offered to supply us with photographs we say "thanks!" Our supply on hand is adequate for awhile, but we may need more in the near future at which time we'll ask for them. However, any unusually good CBI photo is always in demand.

JANUARY, 1953



Road or Track?

● Certainly enjoyed Alec Taylor's "Adventure in Burma" (Nov. issue). I notice he continuously referred to the road as "the track." How come?

HOMER OSBORN,
Los Angeles, Calif.

To the British, anything that is not a good highway is a track. Taylor's Jeep traversed a track.—Ed.

Ricksha Derby

● "Shanghai Ricksha Derby" (Nov. issue) is by far the best article I've ever read on CBI. Russell's writing style is excellent and I'm sure everyone will agree the yarn was good for many laughs.

HENRY B. KEYES,
Detroit, Mich.

Tea Plant Charges

● Did the British charge five bucks for every tea plant uprooted in the process of construction of U.S. bases in Assam? And we lived in British tropical tents which our officers said cost Uncle Sam \$40 a month to rent. Any truth?

CHARLES PIZZANO,
Dedham, Mass.

The tent rumor sounds like genuine propaganda. On the tea plants, the U.S. did pay something for plants which had to be removed to make way for construction, in the same manner that the government would compensate you if it were necessary to tear out your garden to make way for a new road.—Ed.

Port Battalion

● How about a story on the Port Bn. stationed in Tollygunge who unloaded a Liberty ship in record time?

HARRY J. GOLD,
New York, N.Y.

To The Editor

1954 Reunion

● Glad to see that the CBI Reunion will be held in Washington in 1954. I'm making plans to be there already and hope to see some of my buddies from Chakulia.

JOHN A. FISHER,
Concord, N. C.

Never Back Issue

● Your magazine gets better as the months go by and each one is kept as it never becomes a back number. In this respect it goes into the "National Geographic" class.

At the recent reunion of the 24th Station Hospital held at the Hotel Essex in Boston I passed the word about Roundup along to the members of that unit which was stationed at Jorhat.

FRANCIS CROCKER,
Quincy, Mass.

Reunion Trio

● On September 3rd three nurses of the 25th Field Hospital met at the home of Mrs. Delores Smoczynski in Chicago. Also present was, in addition to myself, Miss Frances Dunne, who has just returned from Pakistan.

Mrs. EVA TAYLOR,
Alliance, Ohio



STREET FRUIT MARKET in Liuchow, China. Beggar at left is hiding from camera. Photo by L. D. Wiler.

Long Service

● Like to hear from any ex-Eastern Sector Hq., ATC, personnel from Chabua. I'm an old retread from World War I and now on active duty again. The old carcass will soon be worn out.

Maj. KARL H. YOUNG,
5th Regt. Armory,
Baltimore 1, Md.

To Right People

● Thanks for the extra subscription blanks. I have a way of getting them to the right people. Today the PX got in a shipment of CBI patches. I'm giving the blanks to the clerks to put one with each patch sale.

F. F. KINNETT,
APO, New York.

Luliang Runway

● I was a former Hump pilot based at Misamari and recently had an argument with a friend of mine who was with ATC at Luliang, regarding the length of the runway at Luliang. Got any ideas as to how we can settle this argument?

E. A. CARSON,
Evansville, Ind.

Anyone know the length of the runway? —Ed.

Andy Rebori Dies

● Andrew P. Rebori (Major), former commanding officer of the Liaison Pilots in Col. Phil Cochran's First Air Commando Group in Burma died in September of Polio after an illness of one week. He left his wife and four children.

CHESTER A. WILLETS,
Chicago, Ill.



MEN OF THE 5332nd Brigade are butchering a cow for food in Central Burma where they were bivouaced on Jan. 28, 1945. U.S. Army photo.

Ralph McCarty Killed

● My husband, Ralph W. McCarty, 90th Fighter Squadron, was killed recently in an automobile accident. He had many friends from the "India days" with whom he did not keep in contact and I hope some of them will read this. The day Ex-CBI Roundup came was a very happy one to Ralph. It came this month, the day after he died. He was so very interested in everything connected with India. We had recently seen the movie, "The River" which was very interesting to both of us. Ralph left three children ages 5, 3 and 18 months. Would love to hear from anyone who knew him.

Mrs. MARIAN McCARTY,
1817 E. 9th St.
Sedalia, Mo.

C for China

● All in all . . . a damned nice little magazine. However, don't forget the "C" in CBI stands for China. As an ex-Y-Force and later CCC vet, I thought our part of the country was a little slighted.

HENRY F. MEITZ,
Elmhurst, Ill.

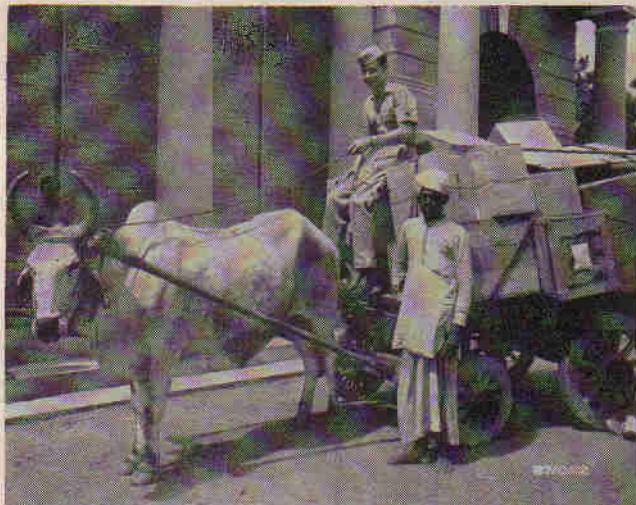


RIFLEMEN OF Co. C, 1st Bn., 475th Infantry, return fire of sniper from under a Basha in the village of Loi Kang, Burma, during attack on the community in February 1945. U.S. Army photo.

765th AAF Band

● Certainly glad I subscribed to Roundup as it sure brings back memories: I was with the 765th AAF Band. We were stationed at Tezgaon and played at Kurmitola, Shamshernagar, Myitkyina and Barrackpore as the Bengal Wing Band. Thanks a lot for a swell magazine.

MILES R. CERNY,
Chicago, Ill.



T/3 LOWELL WICKHAM, Hq., I-B Theatre, sits on ox-cart loaded with boxes in New Delhi. U.S. Army photo.

Pipes to England

● I believe that Mr. R. Greenwood of Surrey, England, who requested a corn cob pipe (Sept. issue) must have received quite a few. R. H. Mason wasn't the only one to answer Greenwood's request. I also mailed one to England. Would be curious to know how many pipes he did get.

ALBERT J. NADEAU,
Berlin, N.H.

*Three that we know of.
—Ed.*

Free Travel Advice

● Have been catching up on a few back issues of Roundup since my return to the States. As president of our export subsidiary I spent several months in England, France, Switzerland and Italy on an annual tour of inspection of our representative offices. If anyone is heading for Europe, particularly Italy, I shall be only too glad to aid him in any way possible . . . Anyone have the current addresses of John Kamps or Fred Wagner, my fellow PFC's of the 1080th QM Co., 44th Service Group?

BERTRAND SPIOTTA,
Newark, N. J.

To The Editor

Mars Task Force

- Wish there were more articles and letters on the Mars Task Force and 613th F.A. Bn.

KEN TREULIEB,
Yonkers, N. Y.

3152nd Signal Co.

- Surely would like to hear from ex-members of the 3152nd Signal Service Co.

M. E. KENDRICK,
Macon, Ga.

Life Saver!

- With special interest, I read the contribution of Gene Sayet—late of AFRS Radio Station VU2ZV in Chabua (July). Gene spent most of his time chanting the merits of Mack Fuller who undoubtedly is a fine fellow. However, I think it only fair to cite one of Brother Sayet's humane contributions toward the welfare of his fellow man. For, you see, it was this very

same Gene Sayet who all but saved the lives of four of us moth-eaten disc jockeys at "Halfway House," the AFRS Station in Myitkyina. It came about this way: The "A" bomb forced such a quick decision from the Japs that war's end caught Dave Page, Fergus Stephen, Howard Williams and I totally unprepared. Some dirty dog sneaked up on us and closed the Myitkyina PX at a time when our beer supply was sadly low. But, Sayet, sterling individual that he is, jumped into the emergency with both feet and saved the day. Using his Yankee imagination, he found that the fiber boxes, used for shipment of radio transcriptions and enjoying an A-1 ATC priority would hold two cases of canned beer nicely. With this information, Gene organized a highly efficient and totally illegal organization we tenderly called, "The Beer Transport Command" and shuttled the ambrosia from Chabua to Myitkyina in a fashion equalled only by the Berlin Airlift years later. And, so, with the BTC functioning at full tilt, it was possible for us to go on grinding out music and some fairly thick-tongued announcements from Halfway House in downtown Myitkyina.

WILL JACKSON,
Beckley, W. Va.

Jade Elephants

- Would you please give me the address of the firm that sells Chinese jade elephants? JOHN A. ROACH,
106 Ringold,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Anyone know?—Ed.

181st Gen. Hospital

- Served with the 181st General Hospital at Bombay, Karachi, Ramgarh and Camchipirah (Kanchrapara?). Would like to hear from former members of the outfit.

Dr. ADOLPH MELTZER,
257 May, Worcester, Mass.

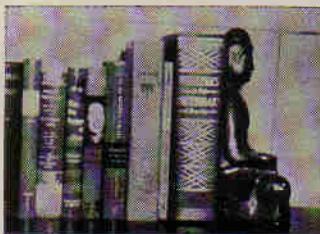
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MILITARY POLICE

By Boyd Sinclair

"A N MP," came the voice of a GI from a New Delhi barracks, "is a guy who can spot an open fly at 30 yards."

"Or," chimed in another, "a guy who says, 'Let's button that pocket there, soldier, if you want to keep that stripe.'"

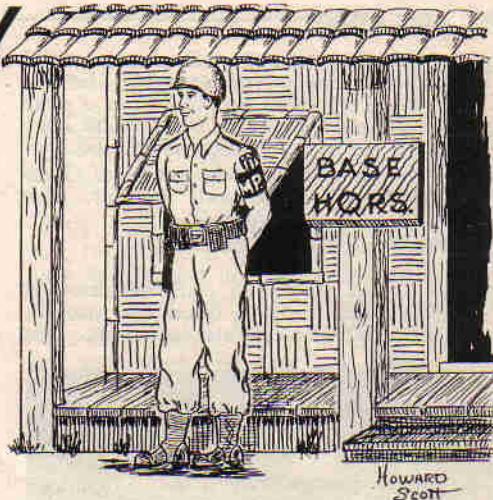
"Or," observed still another, "a guy who keeps the tailors on easy street, a man who doesn't talk, but makes sounds like 'cackle, cackle, cackle.'"

Actually, a CBI MP might be a traffic cop, a wet nurse for a GI drunk, or a military Dick Tracy. Sergeant Ben Taylor was an MP who, when a nurse was felled by lightning, applied artificial respiration and saved her life. An MP officer proved he could help a nurse save her face. He was approached by the nurse who asked him where American cosmetics could be obtained. He went to his quarters and returned with a supply he had brought along for woman bait. Thereafter, he began to check newcomers and found a new source of cosmetics for nurses.

An actual MP had experiences like the cross-pistoled officer who received an ornate letter from an Indian who begged an interview. The MP, visualizing at least a rajah, bade him come. A richly-dressed Indian showed up. He had the honor to inform the U. S. that he, having heard that the U. S. was about to put certain houses in limits, wished to have his own inspected, as he ran the cleanest and best in the city.

You could get an idea about MPs from Lieutenant Stanley J. Skipsky, a husky son of Omaha, Nebraska, stationed at New Delhi. He had been on the guard detachment at Los Alamos, New Mexico, which guarded the atomic bomb.

"Military Police" is a condensation of a part of Chapter 10 of Boyd Sinclair's story of CBI, which is soon to be published under the title of "Confusion Beyond Imagination." For information about the forthcoming book, see Pages 16 and 17, this issue.—Ed.



"We didn't know from nothing," he confessed when I approached him to tell all about that.

An MP probably unpopular in some quarters was one who threw a GI in a prisoner-of-war cage with captured Japs. The GI was wearing horn-rimmed glasses when the MP picked him up. The MP swore the soldier looked just like a Jap. The GI's commanding officer had to make a personal trip to the stockade to free him.

MPs were likely to be like their fellow soldiers. Sometimes they made mistakes or got on the wrong scent. MPs around Calcutta prided themselves on being on the ball, but after one investigation, their pride was squarely behind the eight-ball. They picked up a GI who was spending an over-ample amount of rupees. He was also observed mixing a strange herb in his drinks. Putting two and two together, as MPs often did, they decided he might

GUARD T/5 John E. Williams walks post around the Army Stockade at Malir, India. Photo by Franklin Thompson III.



Military Police

be a narcotic pedlar. Questioning revealed the GI had 10,000 rupees when he hit Calcutta. He proved he won it in a crap game. Asked about the mysterious herb he had mixed in his drinks, he replied:

"That's from my uncle back in Carolina. It keeps my bowels regular. I've been taking it for years."

It was later proved true.

CALCUTTA MPs had so much trouble with brothels, both fixed and mobile, they were woman-trouble conscious. One



"MISS BEEBE's" was one of 3,000 licensed brothels in Calcutta. It was on the famous Karaya Road. Sgt. Peter Macura was an expert on this detail and the MP's had very little trouble, 1,000 laughs. Photo by Franklin Thompson III.

night, when advance section GIs were thronging the city from Burma and China waiting for ships to go home, a father, mother, and daughter hustled into the MP station on Lindsay Street. They had a GI in tow. Excitement, loud talk, and gesticulation prevailed until the MPs restored calm and asked the problem. The trouble was not what the MPs expected. The girl wanted to be married to the GI, the father wanted her to be married to the GI. The GI wanted to marry her. But mama? Nothing doing. The issue was argued back and forth until one of the MPs called the soldier aside.

"Why don't you try just getting the lady a nice present?" he knowingly advised.

Maybe it worked. They never came back.

A couple of nights later the Merchant Marine provided the same MPs with a problem, but certainly not a typical one. Into the station came a frantic Indian, a Merchant Marine sailor, and an MP. The Indian was carrying a bag. Holding it up, he exclaimed:

"My snakes finish."

He pointed at the seaman, who vigorously agreed.

"I hate snakes," the sailor cried. "They are dangerous to people. I am walking down the street and I almost bump into this guy and he's got four snakes. I killed 'em. Ever' damn one."

A look into the bag disclosed one of the victims was a cobra. He had come to a tragic end after wearily battling tired mongooses throughout a lifetime of de-fanged captivity.

The MPs wanted to know what kind of snakes the others were.

"Snakes," replied the Indian. "Malum snakes?"

Finally, the MPs suggested the seaman pay the Indian 30 rupees. Under persuasion of the law, he agreed. Later he admitted it was worth it.

"I hate snakes," he concluded as he started back to his ship.

One of the biggest jobs Calcutta MPs had was guarding the King George Docks. Dock MPs, who received two meritorious service awards, were proud of one commendation they got. One day a colonel came up to a gate in the area and requested admittance. He was asked if his business was official and he admitted it was not. Admission consequently was refused. The colonel argued and the guards were adamant. Finally, the colonel stated that if he were responsible enough to be a colonel in the Army, he was responsible enough to be admitted. That did not work, either. After exploding into a temperamental heat, the colonel's rage disappeared suddenly. He identified himself as the new provost marshal. He said he wanted to see what kind of men he was getting and told them they had earned the commendation they were going to get.

MPs even turned out to be "revenoors" in Burma. Sake, the rice beverage, had long been a sore spot with brass hats of

THREE MP Patrol cars arrive at intersection of Park Street and Free School Street in Calcutta. U.S. Army photo.



EX-CBI ROUNDUP

the 10th Air Force. It was bad enough when inebriates couldn't remember their serial numbers, but when they couldn't remember they were in Burma, it was too much for Army prohibitionists. MPs began raiding sake brewers and sellers. When the MP fingerman was able to get



WITH A CITY policeman, MP Pfc's Ralph C. Pollard and Douglas D. McClellan patrol an off-limits section of Karachi. Photo by Franklin Thompson III.

sake, he later returned with raiding MPs to confiscate the brew.

THE CLASSIC MP story of CBI was about a Negro GI who "forgot he couldn't speak English." He might never have been caught, but he forgot to take off his GI shoes. This truck driver from the Malir Replacement Depot exchanged his khaki uniform at least once a week for a black and white checkered shirt, white baggy Punjabi trousers, and a white fur hat. Thus attired, he strolled nonchalantly into Karachi's MP-guarded brothel district. One day he began one of his pilgrimages among the dark-eyed entertainers of Karachi's bordellos. But he forgot an important item of his disguise—his shoes. Two Karachi MPs, while patrolling the out-of-bounds area, spied an "Indian" on a crowded street wearing GI shoes. The MPs stopped him.

"Where'd ya get those shoes, Joe?" one demanded.

"Nay malum, sah'b," the "Indian" replied.

Other questions got the same answer. Exasperated, the MPs decided to take the "Indian" theft suspect to Indian police.

"Get in that jeep, Joe," one of the MPs commanded.

The "Indian" scrambled half-way into the vehicle before he remembered he was not supposed to **malum** English.

Came a new barrage of questions. The "Indian" realized all was lost. He ad-

mitted he was a GI. At the Karachi stockade he talked freely.

"Guess they thought I was an Indian," he said, and then, with a chuckle, added: "They sure 'nough must 'a' took me for an Indian, 'cause I always paid Indian prices."

MPs knew they had seen and heard everything when a blessed event took place at a guard post in New Delhi. Private Verner Nielsen, ex-Merrill Marauder, was walking his post, literally obeying the second general order, keeping on the alert and observing everything that took place within sight or hearing. Suddenly a passing Indian coolie woman slumped to the ground in the pangs of childbirth, falling at the guard post.

Nielsen, an old campaigner, was not caught short. He obeyed the ninth general order and called the corporal of the guard in a case not covered by instructions. The corporal called the sergeant and the sergeant called the officer of the day. Captain Charles A. Chapla of the Theater Judge Advocate General's Section. By the time Chapla got there, the birth had taken place. Mother and baby had been removed in a tonga. Chapla, with the aid of a tape measure, found everything had taken place an inch outside the Army post. He said he could find nothing in Army regulations covering the case, and in his experience as a Cleveland attorney, he couldn't recall a precedent even in Ohio militia annals.

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon when Nielsen observed three Indian coolies and their women passing his post. When the woman fell, the others stopped and dragged her to the shade of a tree. One of the Indians ran into the headquarters yard and brought a pail of water. He attempted to explain to the dismayed Nielsen.



Sgt. DOUGLAS DYMOND apprehends a GI driver for speeding on Elephistone Street in Karachi. The MP's duty was to cruise the streets of Karachi and maintain traffic regulations. Photo by Franklin Thompson III.

Military Police

"Memsahib," said he, rubbing his stomach. "Panee, sah'b! Malum?"

"Damndest thing I ever saw," said the blond, six-foot Nielsen. "There was this gal, about 17 years old, lying over there on the ground having a kid and not even yelling. Those Indians delivered the kid and one of them cut the umbilical cord with a rusty pocket knife. Then they wrapped the young coolie in a dirty sheet. It took only about 15 minutes. I wish some of those Army sanitation experts had been around."

Nielsen appointed himself the child's godfather and passed out cigars. When asked if it were a boy or girl, he confessed, "I forgot to look."

JEEPS — STOLEN, wrecked, and borrowed—caused MPs as much trouble as anything else. One jeep case threw MPs and transportation officers into a quandary. MPs were nonplussed around Delhi to learn that a CBI jeep had been discovered bouncing around Europe pursuing Nazis rather than facing an early "deadline" because of the rigors of Indian roads. The information was disclosed in a letter from the Provost Marshal, Seine Sector, ETO. No explanation was given, probably because no one had an explanation.

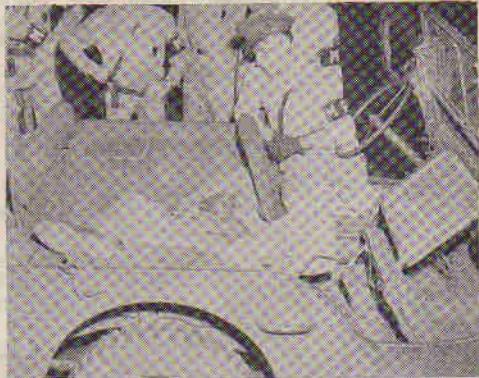
MPs were subject to getting into ticklish spots with generals. Lieutenant David E. Sagi, 14th Air Force, wondered what Army regulations covered the situation when a provost marshal caught a brigadier general riding in a reportedly stolen jeep. Sagi guessed afterward that he handled the situation correctly, as he was still out of his own jail. When the Jeep was reported stolen at 14th headquarters, Sagi put out a circular and telephoned the Kunming chief of police. Next after-

MP JEEP patrols street in front of Hotel Du Commerce in Kunming. Photo by Franklin Thompson III.



10

noon, Sagi looked out his office window and saw someone driving the jeep up the road. With a view to bringing the culprit to justice, Sagi dashed out in time to see



FAMOUS LAST words: "Just one more drink and we'll go." Calcutta MP's took over from there. U.S. Army photo.

the driver alight. The lieutenant accosted him. He was Brigadier General Thomas S. Arms. But duty was duty, so he asked the general in his best provost marshal style what went on. Arms said the jeep had been parked next to one which one of his officers was using. The driver had taken the wrong one by mistake, leaving this one for the general. Sounded good enough. Case dismissed.

Captain C. V. Clark, provost marshal of the Delhi area, proved the old saw that one day even the provost marshal's jeep would be stolen. Clark's jeep was removed from the officers' barracks on Curzon Road in New Delhi and wrapped around a tree on Qtab Road. Clark said the culprit would never come to harm if he revealed how he managed to get out alive. But the jeep jammer never revealed even himself.

MPs didn't confine themselves to chasing missing jeeps. They exposed the work of a smuggling ring in CBI that took in an estimated \$4,000,000 operating across the Hump. Some Army personnel ended up in Leavenworth. Members of the Flying Tigers, Red Cross, and technical representatives of U. S. Aircraft manufacturers were mixed up in it. The list of goods smuggled across the towering Hump read like an export index. One Air Force fighter pilot parachuted from his plane near a China base with \$100,000 in money and drugs he was carrying from India. The plane crashed and the contraband was lost. There was a vast traffic in foreign currency and cigarettes. Cases of profits less than \$5,000 was considered small-time.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

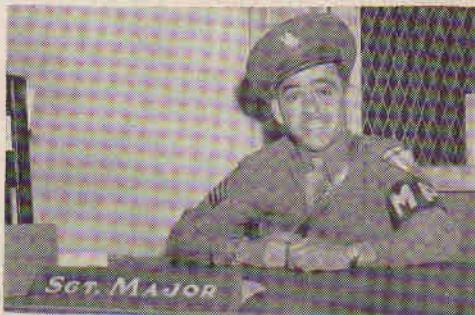
MPs had some idea of what some of the Army thought of them.

"Believe me, when it comes to the opinion of the rest of the Army, the MPs can't win," Major John F. Murray, head of the MP criminal division in India-Burma, once said. "A commanding officer issues an order that all men of his command must wear neckties and leggings. It is our job to enforce that order whether we agree or not. But who do the GIs blame for having to wear the neckties and leggings? The MPs, of course."

Murray pricked another GI myth when he revealed why MP jeeps, helmets, and pistol belts were painted white.

"I've heard the story a thousand times that the use of white jeeps and helmets by MPs is just another manifestation of arrogance and authority," he said. "Actually, we use white equipment so we can be recognized at long distances. For instance, a GI on some dark street in Calcutta could recognize an MP from several blocks away and shout for help."

Murray's MP Dick Tracys of the Criminal Investigation Department (CID) solved murders, embezzlements, and major



Sgt. BERNARD BLACK, Sergeant-Major of the 782nd MP Bn. in Calcutta. Photo by Franklin Thompson III.

eras were traced to dealers. Five dealers kept no sales records, but the sixth found the purchaser had sent the camera to his son at an APO in Burma. Agents traced the son to Mandalay. His mail had gone through the hands of the accused mail orderly. The son said his father had written him that he had sent a camera, but he had never received it. The mail orderly was convicted on this evidence gathered by MP detectives.



MP JEEP pulls up at Chinese policeman's stand in Chungking. Photo by U.S. Army.

thefts. They worked on mail theft, a common trouble. A mail conviction which gave Murray a great deal of satisfaction was that of a GI mail orderly. Tip-off came from an Army post office which received increasing complaints from men of one organization. The men were not getting packages. CID agents questioned the mail orderly, found shaving kits, shaving cream, dentifrices, several watches, and six cameras in his possession. The mail orderly confessed. A man could not be convicted on his confession alone, however. The law demanded proof. The cameras, having serial numbers, offered hope of that. Serial numbers were sent to the Provost Marshal General's Office in Washington, from there were forwarded to manufacturers. From there the cam-

eras were traced to dealers. Five dealers kept no sales records, but the sixth found the purchaser had sent the camera to his son at an APO in Burma. Agents traced the son to Mandalay. His mail had gone through the hands of the accused mail orderly. The son said his father had written him that he had sent a camera, but he had never received it. The mail orderly was convicted on this evidence gathered by MP detectives.

MPs HAD CASES where GIs stole airplanes. A GI at an India base one day decided he wanted to take a joy ride in a plane. Although he had never flown a ship, he sneaked into a C-47 parked on the airfield, taxied to the takeoff strip and gunned the plane down the runway. The plane got 50 feet off the ground, then nose-dived to earth. The would-be pilot emerged from the wreckage with bruises and a vacation in the stockade. In another case, two GIs were tardy in returning from furlough. They tried to get a plane ride, were unsuccessful, and stole a C-47. The neophyte airmen got the ship off the ground and managed to pilot it to a field near their home base. When it came to landing, they lost their nerve, parachuted to earth, and left their C-47 to become a wanderer of the skies. A short time later they told all to the MPs. They said they couldn't see the runway for the fog. It became known as "The Case of the Blind Eagles."

Probably the best story in CID's files was "The Case of the Case-Lot GIs," the history of two soldiers who worked a bogus black market racket on merchants in Calcutta. It netted them thousands of dollars before MP investigators stepped in. Usually, this pair visited an Indian merchant, asked him if he were interested in Parker 51 pens and pencils at 100 rupees a set. As the sets had a resale value of 200 rupees, the merchants usually were interested.

Military Police

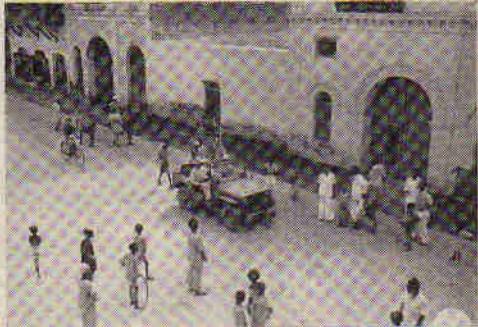
"We're strictly big-time," the black marketeers told their victims. "We deal in big lots and it takes real money. First, you've got to give us 5,000 rupees to fix the PX officer. He's in on this deal."

Intrigued by promise of big profit, merchants sometimes forked over the demanded amount. The men vanished, leaving the merchants holding the sack. In such cases, the merchants were extremely lucky. When the GIs kept their rendezvous with a merchant, he was really taken to the cleaners. The rendezvous ordinarily was set at a late evening hour in a Calcutta park. The victim usually appeared with payment for the pen and pencil sets—20,000 to 30,000 rupees. When he did, the GIs met him, carrying a wooden box banded with steel and stenciled in an official-looking manner. The merchant handed over the money and the men ordinarily began opening the box to prove the "merchandise" was in good order.

That was the cue for one of the GIs to swear and say, "Turn on the flashlight. This damned box is stubborn."

When the beam stabbed the blackness, a Calcutta Indian policeman leaped from a clump of bushes and bore down upon the trio, shouting and brandishing a pistol. The GIs always fled, as did the terrorized Indian merchant, abandoning both his "Parker 51s" and rupees. Later in the evening, the GIs and Indian cop always met and split the spoils. The victimized Indian merchant, knowing the severe penalties for dabbling in the black market, could not appeal to police about his loss. If one suspicious merchant hadn't tipped the CID off on the rendezvous, the Parker 51 Twins might have carried on until the end of their stay in Calcutta. They got long prison terms.

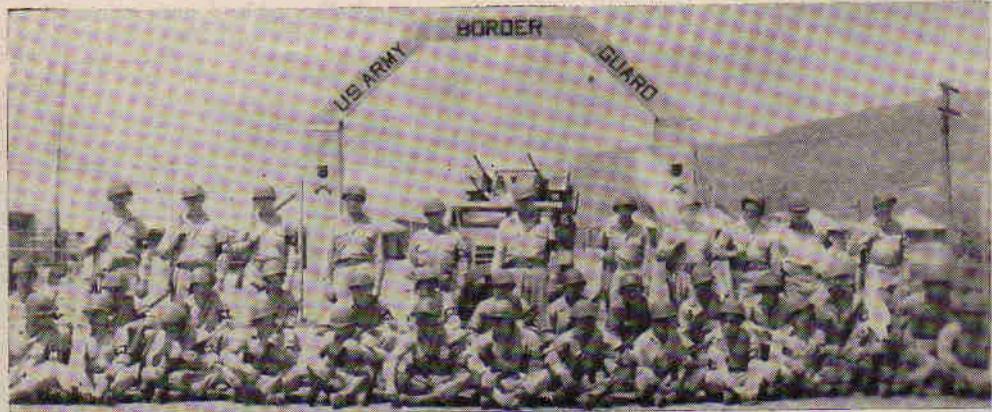
MEN OF THE CID were trained specialists whose job it was to solve crimes committed by or against Army personnel. In civilian life, for the most part, they were lawyers, government agents, detec-



JEEP PATROLLING an off-limits area of Karachi. Night patrols were made on foot. U.S. Army photo.

tives, or policemen. Lieutenant Colonel Edward J. Barry, CID chief investigator in India and Burma, was a special agent in the United States Treasury Department for 18 years. Major Robert S. Fuchs, head of the Calcutta CID office, was formerly a Boston attorney who, with his father, owned the Boston Braves baseball club in the National League for many years.

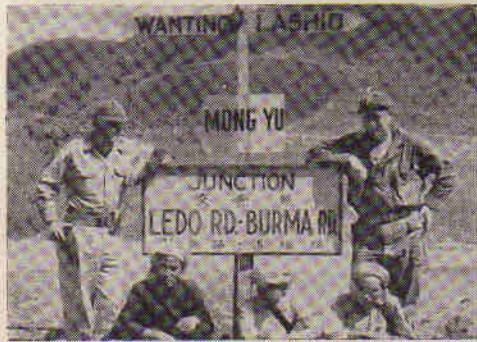
Few officers and men in CBI realized that a platoon of MPs marched all the way with Merrill's Marauders or that an MP company was flown into Myitkyina one hour after the airstrip was captured. During the tragic Bombay dock explosions MPs rendered heroic service. Captain Roy H. Bass Jr., Lieutenant Clarence J. Malone, Corporal Michael Kazakewitz, Privates First Class Stephen Shunski and Emmett Browder, and Agents Herman



PLATOON OF THE 700th M.P. Company poses at Wanting, on the China-Burma border. This outfit was the U.S. Army Border Guard. Photo by John J. Gussak.

Smitley, Louis Kopacka and James R. Watts were each awarded the Soldier's Medal for their work during the great disaster.

In a manhunt extending through a big section of India and Burma, Lieutenant



JOHN J. GUSSAK (left) and Lt. Roseberry of the 700th M.P. Co. pose at Mong Yu, a Junction of the Ledo Road with the Burma Road, on the India-Burma border.

Colonel Earl O. Cullum and Private George B. Crosby apprehended a GI murderer and brought him to trial. This was an involved and arduous task. It included long hunts in the jungle, innumerable identification checks, and contact questioning of tribesmen through interpreters.

A colorful group of MPs was the Military Police Border Guard Detachment, stationed first at Kyukhok and later at Mong Yu, in Burma. These MPs worked with CID, inspecting China-bound vehicles for contraband. Captain John J. Gussak, MP detachment commander, was a voluble New York attorney. He was so enthusiastic over the work of his men, he usually described their accomplishments in a few hundred thousand well-chosen words at a sitting.

When the detachment first moved to the China-Burma border, the front lines were only 11 miles away.

"The whole place was swarming with Chinese soldiers," Gussak once recalled, "but we finally found an area where we could pitch pup tents. That night our troubles began."

During that night and succeeding nights, the MPs had little chance to sleep. Thruout the night a medley of off-key bugle calls emanated from the Chinese camp. When Gussak complained to the Chinese commander, he was told the Chinese army believed it was bad to awaken men abruptly and consequently used a series of "harmonious bugle calls" over a period of hours to arouse the soldiers gradually.

"The nocturnal bugling wasn't bad enough," Gussak said, "so the Chinese threw in a schedule of round-the-clock,

haphazard rifle firing. We couldn't allow ourselves to flinch when a rifle went off near our camp, for that would have caused us to lose face."

Gussak's men gradually built up a large area. They dug up a Jap pipeline and used it to bring water two miles from a reservoir on a hill. They put up tents with probably the most expensive floors ever used in the Army. They consisted of 30-pound zinc blocks found at Wantung, China. Each block was valued at \$15, and 360 blocks were required for the floor of each tent.

As convoy traffic over the Stilwell Road increased, the border MPs ran into trouble with Chinese drivers. The Chinese objected to shakedown of vehicles and personal property by American troops. So a Chinese MP unit was moved into the border station to handle Chinese troops.

When it was first established, this MP border guard had the nickname of "Little Pennsylvania," as many of its members were from the Quaker State. Gussak, the New Yorker, was called "The Honorary Mayor of Wantung." The captain was one of a few survivors of the ship *Jean Nicolet*, torpedoed in the Indian Ocean by a Jap submarine. Gussak, with nearly 100 others who survived the torpedo hit, was picked up by the Japs and taken for a death ride lasting three hours. With hands wired behind their backs, survivors were forced to kneel on the catwalk deck of the submarine. There they were beaten, and one by one, ran a gauntlet of knives, bayonets, and clubs. When the sub crash-dived, about 30 left alive were washed into the sea. One managed to free his hands and came to the rescue with a knife the Japs had overlooked. Harvey Matyas of the 44th Air Service Group and Gussak were the only Army personnel to come out alive. Gussak and others were in the water and on air-dropped life rafts for 36 hours before being picked up by a British destroyer. Out of 95, only about 18 survived. Gussak, who later reached the rank of lieutenant colonel, did not leave CBI until 1947, one of the last to depart.

The duty of the MP, in most cases, however, was an unexciting grind. He guarded warehouses in big cities and jungle, protected GIs from gangs. He controlled and directed traffic up and down the Stilwell Road day and night. He patrolled towns, acted as a train guard, supplied information at railway stations, investigated accidents. He performed details for escorting dignitaries, guarded courier mail and payrolls, formed special guards for funerals and ceremonies. The MP's job ran all the way from excitement to boredom.—THE END.



PHOTOGRAPHED AT the entrance to the Temple of the Thousand Gods near Kunming are T/Sgt. Lewis Kallmeyer, SOS; Lt. Barbara Connary, 95th Station Hospital; and Capt. Edw. Herrnstein, CCC. U.S. Army photo.



MEMBERS OF the 797th Engineers are loading logs at Shingbwiyang.



T/Sgt. SYD GREENBERG (center) discusses assignment with two members of the 164th Signal Photo Co. U.S. Army photo.



PONTOON BRIDGE on Nam Tibet river, being built by men of Co. C, 236th Combat Engineers. U.S. Army photo.



FORERUNNER OF today's gun is this complicated artillery piece, used to guard a fort in India. T/Sgt. Wm. McCreary of ACS is examining the piece. U.S. Army photo.



THESE ARE THE QM warehouses in Calcutta where canned foods were stored for U.S. Forces. Here coolies are unloading a new shipment from the States. U.S. Army photo.

To the Editor . . .

—Continued—

Poem Not Anonymous

● That anonymous poem, "The Hoogly Horrors" (Those Wild Blue Characters, Nov. issue) was authored and (with the aid of a wee drop of Jungle Juice) often declaimed by Col. M. C. (Stew) Mulligan, Personnel Section, Hq., India-China Division, ATC, when stationed at Hastings Mill. Mulligan is now Secretary, Civil Aeronautics Board, Washington, D.C.

L. H. RUPPENTHAL,
(State Senator)
McPherson, Kan.

Blank Pages

● Please explain why Pages 2-3-6-7-26-27-30-31 of the November issue were blank—absolutely blank! Was that news censored or are you holding it back for next issue? I'm curious!

HILDA IVERSON,
New Orleans, La.

Happens occasionally when one sheet containing eight pages fails to go through the press. Let us know when you receive an incomplete issue.—Ed.

112th Station Hospital

● You're doing us a great service. Roundup is tops! I was Chaplain of the 112th Station Hospital. Went over on the West Point in Feb. 1943. Had TD at hospital at Malir and a year or so at Calcutta. How's about publishing addresses of those writing letters?

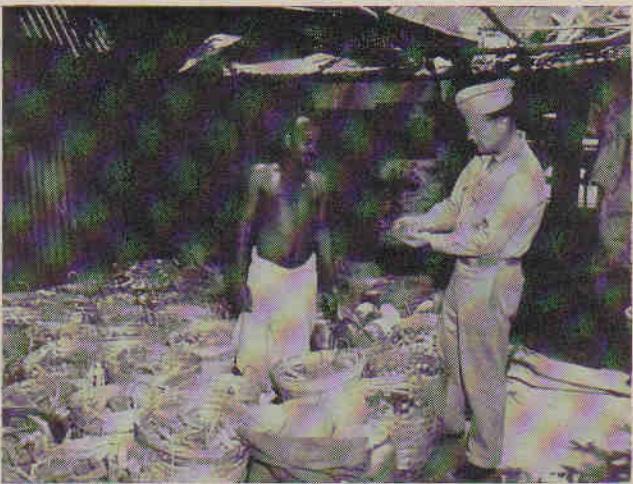
JOE C. SHAW,
Conway, Ark.

Not unless specifically requested by the writer.—Ed.

Medic Reunion

● Can anyone give me the address of Almer T. Stauffer, formerly with the 112th Station Hospital, 263rd General Hospital and 2nd Convalescent Camp? Members of these outfits, how about a reunion in 1953?

ROY L. SWARTZ,
Cedar Falls, Ia.



Capt. ARCHIE D. TOLLEY of the 93rd Veterinarian Food Inspection Det. pays a native for vegetables at market near Sookerating. U.S. Army photo.



P-51 IN FLIGHT over Northern Burma. These planes were equipped with 500-lb. bombs and used to attack Jap escape routes. U.S. Army photo.



CHINESE WATCH victory parade down the war-gutted streets of Liuchow, August 1945. U.S. Army photo.



You've Read Short Cor
From BOYD S

"CONFUSION BEYOND IMAGINATION"

in Ex-CBI

It Soon Will Be Published in Book

"CONFUSION Beyond Imagination" will be a book of approximately 432 pages, size 5½ by 8½ inches, bound in buckram cloth, with dust jacket in two colors. Illustrated from CBI photographs. The text will be set in clear, open, easy-to-read type, printed on eggshell finish paper. We have seen the bound "dummy" of the book and sample pages. It's a book you'll be proud to own!

BESIDES the text of 23 chapters, the book will contain a preface by the author, a section of explanatory and documentary notes, and translations of Hindustani and Chinese terms. The index will include names, places, and outfits mentioned in the book.

"CONFUSION Beyond Imagination" will be published by China-Burma-India Associates, an organization of CBI veterans formed for the express purpose of publishing it. Ex-CBI Roundup itself furnished some of the capital necessary for the enterprise. The magazine did this because it has long wanted to see "Confusion Beyond Imagination" published in book form. It's the kind of book you'll read till 3 o'clock in the morning.

PRINTING and binding of "Confusion Beyond Imagination" is being done by Kingsport Press, Inc., Kingsport, Tenn., one of the world's largest and most expert book printing firms.

BOYD Sinclair, author of "Confusion Beyond Imagination," in our opinion, has written the real color story of CBI. He catches the spirit of "our war," records our language, and reproduces our adventures as the average officer and enlisted man often recalls them. His account concerns both big wheels and men in the ranks, and the people with whom they came in contact, from Karachi to Kweilin.



Illustrations and Excerpts

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6. More Humps and Jumps.
7. Those Wild Blue Characters.
8. Pipe, Rails, and Wire.
9. Supply, Salvage, and Surplus.
10. Police and Prisoners.
11. The Enemy Line—In Front and Behind.
12. Some Generals and One GI.
13. Medics and Nurses.
14. So Few for So Many.
15. Sailors, Shutterbugs, and Students.
16. That Old Happy Morale.
17. The Fishwrapper.
18. Several Sides of GI Life.
19. More Sides of GI Life.
20. Allies and Merchant Wallahs.
21. The Army's Animal Kingdom.
22. Goin' Home.
23. Sleep Quietly, Brothers.

A limited edition will be printed and part of this will be set aside for Roundup readers and members of CBIVA. "Confusion Beyond Imagination" also will be offered for sale through book stores in selected cities and through magazines and newspapers circulated among the Armed Forces and veterans' organizations. If also will be marketed through other sources. Unless there is sufficient demand, another edition will not be printed.

ADVANCE retail sale price of "Confusion Beyond Imagination" is \$4.75. Both publishers and Ex-CBI Roundup guarantee you will be pleased or you get your money back. In order to be sure you get a copy, reserve one in advance by sending your check or money order for \$4.75, made payable to China-Burma-India Associates, Box 1769, Denver 1, Colorado. I know you'll agree with me it's the best thing about CBI that's ever been written.

—CLARENCE R. GORDON
Editor
Ex-CBI Roundup



To The Editor—

20th Bomber Command

... I would like, in some way, to correct what seems to me to be an oversight on the part of not only your magazine but each and every article or book that I have read on the history of the war in the Pacific and Far East, particularly in the Air Force phase of the war. In the November issue you have a story "Those Wild Blue Characters." It attempts to deal with the different air forces that were located in the CBI, but whether by lack of information or by oversight of its performance, the 20th Air Force, as in every other story and article, is passed over with a slight two paragraphs. As can be understood, this is irksome to an original pioneer member of the 20th Air Force. In every magazine where a story begins to play up the part the Air Force performed, the 20th is treated as if its main units were in Saipan and Tinian. This is true only to a slight extent, and if you like, I can give you some information concerning the beginning of the 20th Air Force, in the CBI, which maybe if it were published somewhere, might help set the record a little straighter and I am sure would be appreciated by all former members of this unit. ... On January 11, 1944, The Empress of Scotland left Newport News, Va., and approximately 35 days later landed in Bombay, India. How many of the 5,000-odd troops were left there I do not know but I do know that the 22nd Air Depot Group spent three days and nights riding across India to a little town about 75 miles from Calcutta by the name of Kharagpur, and there we unloaded. All we knew was that we were to be the basic part of a new Air Force. Within four months our group had set up their different warehouses, repair shops, and so on. We began getting

in parts and pieces and equipment for, and to repair an airplane called a B-29. More troops were brought in and then one day in came our first B-29. When all was done, this forgotten place had four fields, Piaradoba, Chakulia, Dukkundia and Kharagpur, of which the latter was headquarters for the 20th Bomber Command. Here were located all the main offices and headquarters, and what they could not have functioned without, the 22nd Air Depot Group. My unit, the 91st Supply Squadron, set up with our 125 men and officers, a depot that supplied all the four fields with parts for the B-29's, and as a further proof, we supplied an inventory list, after three days and nights of work, giving the quantity of different parts that we recommended they have on hand when setting up the huge base on Saipan. These four fields in India that I have named worked long and hot hours, often times around the clock, ironing out bugs in the B-29 that had never been solved. Pilots and crew members of these planes flew many and many a dangerous over-loaded flight over The Hump, minus guns to carry a larger load of gasoline, ammunition and explosives into the forward bases in China. To correct a further and often printed error, all planes left for their missions from India, not China, and stopped in China only to re-fuel and then on to Japan, and then straight back to India. On shorter missions there was no stop-over in China because of no need of a capacity load of fuel. Finally, after many successful missions, after ironing out all the bugs from the planes, after learning how they would be most effective as bombers, the huge 20th Air Force base in the Mariannas was put into operation and the men of the India 20th Bomber

CORRESPONDENT



C. CBI Roundup
MAGAZINE
DENVER, COLO.

As a Roundup Subscriber you are entitled to one FREE decal for your auto, home, office, etc. The decals are 2 1/2 x 3 1/4-inches, in three colors. If you haven't yet sent for yours, send us a self-addressed, stamped envelope and a decal will be forwarded by return mail. If you want more than one, extras are only 5¢ each (no limit). Send for yours NOW while the supply lasts! No requests honored unless you send a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Command were forgotten. My group, the 22nd Air Depot Group, was not finished, however. Had the war continued another year, we may have gotten our reward. We were loaded onto the U.S.S. Gen. H. B. Freeman and transported around Australia and up to Newly-won Okinawa, where but for the sudden end of the war, we would have been the nucleus for probably the largest B-29 base thus far constructed anywhere. For our work in India we received nothing. Whatever the flight crews of those planes received they earned, but for us, the first to arrive and nearly the last to leave, we received nothing. Hence, it is doubly hard to hear accounts of the 20th Bomber Command of India which read as if to say, "Oh yes, and there were a few bombing missions made by B-29's from India." Unless there were, no one realizes the amount of work and sweat that went into that experimental bomber command.

WM. G. TOLLE,
Mattoon, Ill.

To The Editor

Credit 25th Field Hosp.

• Enjoyed the article, "Rendezvous With Destiny" (Sept. issue). You missed, however, giving credit to the 25th Field Hospital where the show unit was treated after the plane accident at Sawmo, Burma... As we had no facilities for the lone girl of the troupe, a group of willing hands soon had a tent erected, furnished with cot, blankets, mosquito net, etc., and wired with an electric light. I recall another evening at this same location at Sawmo when we were in danger of being burned out when a fire set by natives to clear the hillsides for cultivation burned right to the edge of our camp where we managed to put it out.

ROBERT G. SAUR,
Mnpls., Minn.

478th QM Co.

• Served almost a year in Assam with the 478th QM Reg. Truck Co. We convoyed trucks up from Calcutta in the early part of 1943, then I was placed in charge of a lumber converting operation at Margherita, about 10 miles from Ledo.

CHARLES J. LANGIS,
Mullan, Idaho



YOU PROBABLY RODE in one of these III Class troop coaches in India. They have no glass windows, only slatted wooden blinds which may be closed at night. U.S. Army photo.

95th Station Hospital

• I'm beginning to see more and more familiar names as Roundup's circulation grows. The articles are interesting to me as well as to the many friends on whom I've inflicted stories of those memorable days. I was with the 95th Station Hospital at Kunming.

JOAN L. SEARLE,
Waban, Mass.

Son Missing

• Am writing in hope that you might be able to help me get information relative to the disappearance of my son, Lt. Russell E. Clark, who has been missing in action since April 1944. Lt. Clark had made about 70 trips over The Hump but at the time he was reported missing he was carrying supplies from Calcutta to Imphal where the British were surrounded. He was first pilot on a transport plane. CARL A. CLARK,
1645 So. 23rd St.
Lincoln, Nebr.

Kunming Crash

• The amazing thing about one of your pictures which appeared in the November 1951 issue, page 19, showing the C-46 No. 135 which crashed near Kunming, was that I was crew chief on a C-47 which was coming in for a landing just after this plane crashed. So the C-47 in the air on this picture could very well be our ship. This crash caused the death of three American crewmen and about 25 Chinese who lived in the building hit by No. 135.

THOMAS F. LYNCH,
St. Paul, Minn.



CEYLON NATIVES believe a "bali" burned, with appropriate ceremonies recited, will rid the ailing one of the misery in that part of the anatomy burned in effigy. Photo by Sedge LeBlanc.

SEARCH AND RESCUE



By Lee Bakker

MANY CBIers alive today can thank their lucky stars for the existence of the India-China Division of Search and Rescue. This squadron, with Headquarters in Calcutta, braved rough terrain and sweat-provoking heat to save those men who found themselves at the mercy of the Hump wilds. It also had the distinction of being the only one in the ATC devoted exclusively to the search and rescue of downed airmen.

It started its CBI service amid many hardships and poor equipment with not enough personnel to pilot the scant number of aircraft. In its early days the work didn't conform to any routine, being called on impromptu missions. If an airman crash-landed or was reported overdue, the search began. But their work was hampered by delayed reports, meager information, and unfavorable weather. But it grew. Their purposes were to search for missing aircraft and personnel in the Hump area, to supply and rescue the men surviving, to identify crashed aircraft, to identify those who died and see that proper burial was arranged, and to recover all vital material that would be of aid to the enemy. In 1943 the Squadron was successful in 62% of its rescue missions. In 1944 this percentage increased to 77, a result of improved techniques and facilities. Their services included medical supplies, medic officers, whole blood and plasma, all sent down by parachute.

The fearsome Hump was the biggest drawback in the successful rescue of men down in their planes. There were the rugged terrain, the wild tribes, roving Jap patrols, and enemy fighter planes who found it great sport to shoot down unarmed transports. Thus the Hump

flyer wondered how he would be rescued under those conditions. The Search and Rescue Squadron overcame these hazards. The continual enemy, however, was the jungle itself. In some places two parachutists who landed only 150 feet apart couldn't hear each other's voices no matter how loudly they shouted, resulting in desperate hacking of their way out of the jungle alone for a number of weeks. This the rescuers were up against also. Sometimes the rescuers became the rescued.

The "mass jump" of August, 1943, was an example of the systematic search and rescue work. This involved CBS announcer Eric Sevareid and other passengers. "Dozens of officers and men put into

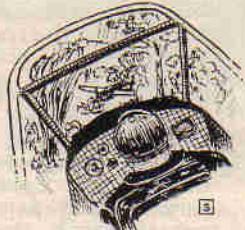


motion an improvised system for getting supplies and information to us and for organizing the rescue party which saved the lives of every one of us," reported Sevareid in Calcutta. Twenty of the 21 aboard were rescued. The one fatality was caused by a chute fouled up in the tail assembly.

CAPTAIN JOHN L. PORTER, in October of 1943, was named the Flying Safety and Rescue Officer. He developed the technique of the mass jump. Men for this work were brought in from other ICD stations to Chabua. The first air-

craft assigned the squadron were two C-47's that carried two .30 calibre guns each, for protection. A Squadron crew spotted a Zero that had crashed into a clearing. The plane dove, fighter fashion, and the men destroyed this plane, its pilot, and its equipment. This became the first C-47 to have a combat record, calling attention to that with a tiny Japanese flag painted on its nose.

The Rescue Squadron had the support of B-25's to intercept Jap planes and spot



downed aircraft. For low-level and short-range search, the tiny L-5s and L-4s were utilized. These needed small or even make-shift airstrips. In one particular instance, a Polio victim, Lt. Robert Wesselhoeft, was brought out of the Hump region in an improvised "bamboo lung" to sustain his life. Due to this miraculous feat, this airman landed alive in the U.S.

Credit for the job's growth went to Maj. Roland L. Hedrick, Search and Rescue Intelligence Officer, although the pioneer was Maj. Robert L. Wright, then Div. Intelligence and Security officer. The greatest source of information had stemmed from those pilots making regular flights over the Hump. They reported all data on wreckage, smoke, and signal attempts. All information gathered was sent to Division Intelligence for coordination. Sometimes the pilots guided the Rescue Squadron to the location of sighting. Major Wm. H. Spruell (a Captain then) was in charge of the medical branch. Col. Don Flickinger, his chief, had figured in the rescue of the Sevareid



party, and Spruell had made several other jumps in the jungles to rescue bailed out personnel.

The Squadron lost Captain Porter in

December, 1943. He was killed when attacked by a dozen Jap fighters in the Fort Hertz region. Among several who succeeded him was Maj. Donald C. Pricer, veteran Hump pilot.

For morale purposes, the downed personnel were notified quickly that help was on its way. Sometimes a plane was especially sent out to remind them that they were not forgotten, although no further aid was required.

Every lost plane was noted on a large relief map. Rescue was never abandoned until every man was accounted for. Search patterns were no different from the present day methods. The search involved a section of maximum probability. This area is determined by the lost planes estimated time of arrival, its last radio reports, and reports from inhabitants along its route. Crews were assigned to certain missions the night before rescue attempts were begun. Mission results were reported daily. This aided in the compilation of full pictures of the crash situations. A weekly bulletin on crashes and progress of rescue was issued to Allied agencies. Tribe members too had been of valuable aid in compilation of disaster information. They too had been responsible for the retention of many



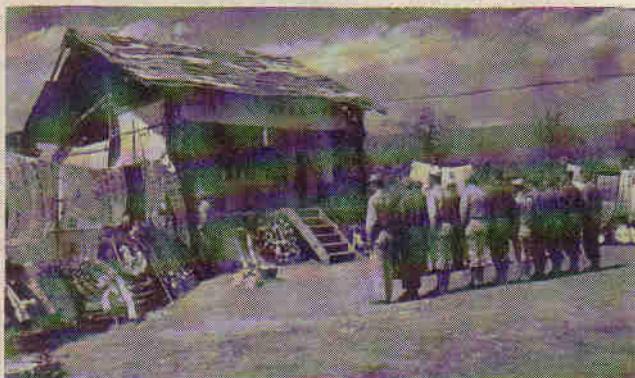
lives of airmen who would have otherwise perished. They were fed and comforted.

Some of the men have been away from their bases as long as 93 days. In fact, this is the longest recorded absence with a safe walk out of the jungle. Those traveling such a route could have encountered various adventures, including the constant jungle enemies such as cobras, tigers, leeches, and lice, not forgetting the weather.

The men who flew the rescue missions had numerous talents. There were medics, cartographers, photographers, ground crew mechanics, ground rescue specialists, parachutists, and specialized equipment handlers. These men saw to it that those who were lost had better than a three-to-one chance of returning to their bases alive. But their experiences, both rescued and rescuers, will remain in their memories of the CBI.—The End.



U. S. MILITARY CEMETERY east of the Dehing River, near Ledo, Assam. Photo by W. S. Maxwell.



UNIT COMMANDERS of the 11th Army Group attend memorial services held at Chinese 11th Army Group Headquarters for Chinese officers and men who died in the Salween Campaign. Photo February 1945 by U.S. Army.

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To the Editor . . .

—Continued—

Just Back From Burma

• During the war I served with CNAC as G-3 from August 1944 through May 1945, from Shadazup to Lashio. Have just returned from my second tour in Burma, completing several years as Military Attaché with the U.S. Embassy. I visited northern Burma early this year, and Mandalay and Lashio as late as May this year. Burma is still torn up and little reconstruction work has been done — mainly because of the internal upheaval, insurgents and dacoits making it unsafe for normal travel. In June I visited New Delhi, Agra and Calcutta. India is the same as when we were there. Our old headquarters in New Delhi is now being remodeled and used by the State Department. The Hindusthani Building in Calcutta is back in commercial use.

Col. THOS. H. DAVIES,
Ft. Meade, Md.

1880 EAB

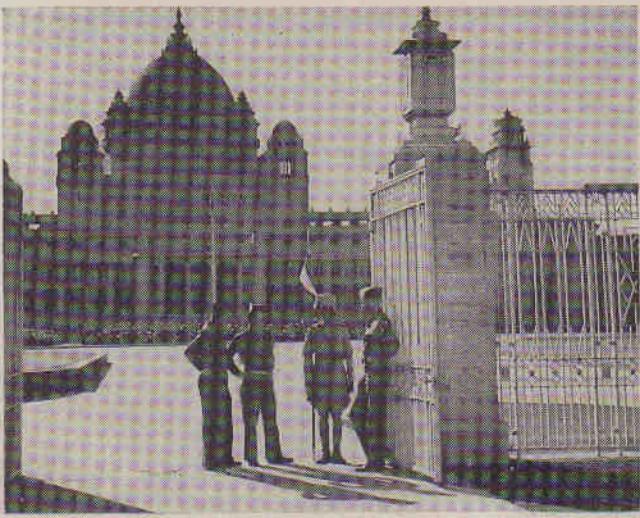
• Have not noticed anyone from my old outfit, the 1880th EAB in print. Will make every attempt to attend the 1953 CBI reunion in Milwaukee, which is also my home town.

HAROLD W. KORTH,
Chicago, Ill.

3438th Ordnance

• Will let you hear from another outfit of the CBI, the 3438th Ordnance MAM Co. which was stationed between Dikom and Tinsukia on the "back road" from Dinjan. We arrived there Sept. 20, 1942, and ran the assembly and maintenance on all C.D.S. vehicles to China. We cut the trucks in two at Dinjan airfield and shipped them via C-46 to Kunming.

Cpl. ROWDY E. JONES,
Las Cruces, N. M.



THREE MEMBERS of the ATC, invited to spend the day as the guests of the Maharajah of Jodhpur, stop at the entrance to the palace grounds to talk with the colorful royal guard. U.S. Army photo.



NATIVE BAND marches down aisle of Services of Supply barracks at New Delhi on Christmas morning, 1943. The GI's seem to be wondering what it's all about. U.S. Army photo.

To the Editor . . .

—Continued—

Calcutta Riots

● Do any of Roundup's readers happen to remember the terrible "Quit India" riots in Calcutta on Thanksgiving Day, 1945? I was in the middle of that mess and I'll never forget that nightmare. It will be remembered that it all started the day before Thanksgiving when a mob of young Indians wanted to march past the Governor's mansion to stage a demonstration. The Calcutta police forbids mobs marching near the latter, so they were warned. They marched anyhow and the police fired into the mob, killing a few Indians including a young leader. Next day the Indians mustered up an estimated half-million persons to attend the funeral of those killed in the mob violence. Naturally, this was just an excuse for the riots that followed. During the riots a few Americans and British were killed, both U.S. and British army trucks overturned, roads blocked, buildings burned, etc. When the marching toward the Governor's mansion began, I stood on the street (Chowringhee) to watch. Before I realized what was going on, I was being stoned and struck with sticks by irate Indians who shouted, "Quit India." It took me a frightful hour to make my way to the Hindusthan building where I found refuge. There from the fourth floor I saw a solid wall of Indians down every street in Calcutta that could be seen from my position. Not until the following day did the riots quiet down and Yank personnel were able to move about once more. Anyone else in this affair?

GERALD DEEPE,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Send a Christmas Gift subscription to your CBI Buddy!

To The Editor—

Remember the famed "Pocket Guide to India," also China and Burma issued to all CBI-ers overseas? The little books are no longer restricted material and are, in fact, on sale by the government these days for the paltry sum of 20 cents each. Lots of reminiscing in them. Send your order to the Supt. of Documents, U.S. Govt. Printing Office, Washington, D.C.

Swing Patrol

• Would like to locate John Parker, formerly of the American Swing Patrol orchestra in Karachi, and Dick Shaltry of the 7th Bomb. Gp. who went on tour with the Special Services Unit strictly from hunger! Also Bill Berman of the Army Signal Corps Motion Picture Unit, now somewhere in Hollywood.

BOB LEE,
Pickwick Hotel,
San Diego, Calif.

Wild Blue Characters

• Received my first issue (Nov.) and thoroughly enjoyed the story by Boyd Sinclair, "Those Wild Blue Characters." Am very well acquainted with the various spots mentioned, especially Chabua and Hastings Mill, having spent 18 and nine months respectively at each station with Hq., ICW, ATC.

HOWARD ROGERS,
Clinton, Ky.

Letters and Scenes

• Always enjoy reading the letters from subscribers and again looking at the many familiar scenes. These are like renewing old acquaintances.

PAUL T. MEADOWS,
Henderson, Tenn.

Chemical Warfare Service

• How's about giving the Chemical Warfare Service a mention in Roundup?

JOHN ROBNETT,
Tillamook, Ore.

Met in Calcutta

• While on vacation my husband and I saw some of the magazines and were quite thrilled. My husband and I met in Calcutta so we sure do love to see old places. I am an ex-WAC.

HELEN BANKS,
Saratoga Spgs., N.Y.

758th Ry. Shop Bn.

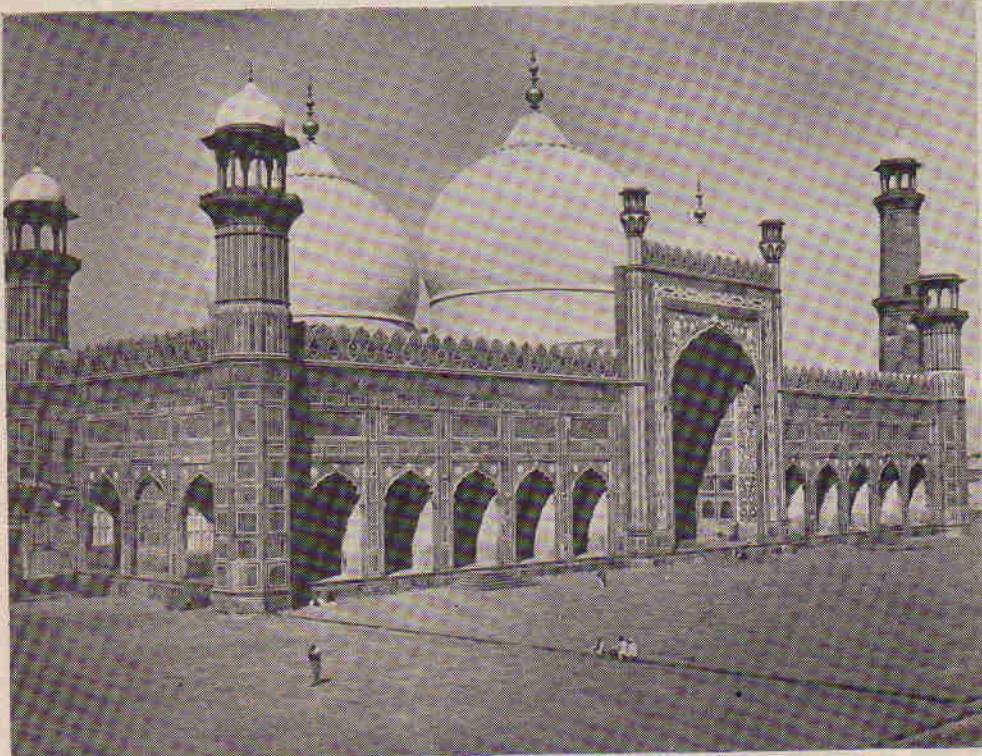
• Was a member of the 758th Ry. Shop Bn. in CBI for two years. At the present time I am on the faculty at Colorado A & M College, Ft. Collins. Enjoy the magazine very much.

JOHN A. BANTLY,
Ft. Collins, Colo.

1380th Engineers

• Spent 19 months in China and Burma with the 1380th Pipeline engineers. Already I have found a lot of familiar places and friends in Roundup.

FRED E. SCHIER,
Smithboro, Ill.



ANCIENT, HUGE MOSLEM TEMPLE in Karachi, India. Photo by Embassy of Pakistan.

That Betel Nut!

By LEE BAKKER

Many of us CBIers showed up at the reunions wearing oriental costumes, but did you see anyone chewing betel-nut? No, sir, it was missing! Of course, I am not recommending this, but those who like to chew that red stuff can read this and learn. Perhaps we might have a betel chewer at the next convention. Wouldn't this be quite unique?

What Indian has been seen in his native country without this delicacy? This is the poor man's pleasure and a great part of big functions and festivals. And the most well-remembered is the red stain spots on sidewalks and floors. But for a convention a cuspidor is recommended. The hotel manager might not appreciate red furniture.

Now it isn't according to India's etiquette wallah to simply stuff a piece of betel nut in the mouth to chew until tired. This is different from gum. It must be prepared. The completed article is known as the *paan*, after the nut has been wrapped thoroughly in the leaf. The *paan wallah* will show you how to do this in case any of you are back in India again. He has an immense quantity of different size sfo leaves about him. These are specially grown in four different types. The coolie uses the cheapest *paan* called *bangla*. But the Brahman is far above this, and he uses a delicate leaf named the *maghii*. The middle class use *sachi* and *mitha*. On the leaf you would use is placed a dash of *chuna*, a slaked lime mixture. Then comes a small touch of *katha*, which is a cocoa-colored mixture. "Ah," you say, "I am ready now." But this is just the beginning. Added are fragments of *supari*, the grated areca, an astringent palm nut. Then this leaf is wrapped with the above named contents. Now it is ready. There is only one more requirement, told by the pleading look in the *paan wallah's* eyes. After some deliberation you reach in your pocket and hand him two *pice* (one cent). You've had no success in bargaining him down. For an extra *pice*, which you reluctantly hand him, he adds various spices such as cloves and perhaps some rose water. Sounds delicious, doesn't it?

It smells delicious too. This is accomplished by adding *elaichi*, a cinnamon-like scent. The usual ingredients added total four, although one Calcutta *paan wallah* has the reputation of using eight of them. If you like a hard chew, you will be content with the basic *chuna*, *katha* and *supari*. And then you won't have to give him that valuable *pice* either.

Queen of the Hump

The "Queen of The Hump" was an Air Corps C-47 stationed at Dirjan, India, during the war. This poem was submitted by John J. Robnett of Tillamook, Oregon:

Just look at her land boys without even a bump
It's old 65, the Queen of the Hump
The pilot gets out and the co-pilot too,
Look at the form I boys and see what's to do.
She checks out OK but pull her in the hole
We will check her over and load the cargo
Sgt. Racket comes by and looks plenty sore
Get on the ball boys, "Take Off's" at four
So we work like hell all through the night
At quarter to three she gets her Pre-flight.
Racket comes by, says how much does she drop
Not even ten Sarge, she's ready for the Hop.
The pilot comes, the weather looks clear
From the end of the runway he takes to the air
Up in the air she goes
But if she comes back nobody knows.
We've got Jap Zero's above and Hell below
But we're headed for China with our cargo
The weather gets rough, there's ice on the wings
If our gas holds out we'll make Kunming.
There she is boys way down below
Cut the throttles and come in slow
You can pull the props and drain the sumps
Get her ready to go back over the Hump
We fly her high at 20,000 feet,
Flying that high we are strapped to our seat
The oxygen gets low, we get a little sick
But give it to the pilot for he handles the stick
Wherever the Japs are usually seen
The Queen of the Hump is on the beam
Fly her level and keep her straight
Or we might wind up at St. Peter's Gate.
We get back on time, we are never late
The Queen of the Hump is a good old crate
Thru destruction of war and all it's horror
Today we landed safe, but what about to-morrow?
Koenig, Jenks and Pauncho too
Are the members of the crew
When she comes in they stand and grin
Because the Queen of the Hump has made it again.
It was the 7th of January, at quarter till four
Lt. Taylor was the pilot as we closed the door
The fog was heavy, Taylor could hardly see
And about a mile from the runway stood a tree
The load was heavy and had shifted a bit
He couldn't get her up so the tree he hit
But the motors were good and how they did sing
As he climbed for altitude with a hole in the wing
He looked at the Co-pilot and radio man too
"I'm giving her the gun, lets see what she'll do
Put on your chutes, get ready to jump
We may have to leave the Queen of the Hump"
On account of the fog he couldn't see the field
But he turned her around with nerves of steel
He called in on the radio as he made the bend
"Radio my directions and bring me in"
Another pilot talked and Taylor heard the sound
And as wrecked as she was, he set her down
The crew was scared and shaking with fright
But he landed her safe and was filled with delight
Now Taylor is called "Tarzan of a DC 3"
For he swung the big monster from tree to tree
So believe it or not he's alive today
God was with him or under the sod he'd lay.

To The Editor

Romantic India

● Surely there is no more romantic spot in the world than India. We who have lived (?) in the country for from one to three years can boast that we have really seen how the other half lived. Is there any other country in the world that has both the richest and poorest citizens? Is there any other country in the world so plagued with superstition and odd mannerisms as India? Some of us had a bit of a rough time over there, but Roundup's existence is proof that ex-CBI men and women still love to reminisce their experiences over there.

GEORGE H. KOCH,
Cleveland, Ohio.

100th General Hospital

● Was in Burma with the 5307th Comp. Unit and in India with the 100th General Hospital at New Delhi. Would like to hear from some of my buddies.

RAY J. BONLEY,
17 Edwards,
Springfield, Mass.



RADIO SHACK near Mangshih Airfield, China. Men are of the 158th Anti-aircraft Control Section Det. U.S. Army photo.

No Doubters

● I was with the 11th Bomb Squadron from the time it went into China until I left for the States in December 1943. If there were any doubters of the Winning Entry in "It Happened in CBI" in the November issue, don't doubt it. It actually happened.

JOHN W. BAYLEY,
Cass City, Mich.

967th Engineers

● Roundup is my one tie to many fond as well as disconcerting memories of nearly two years spent near Ledo with the 967th Engineers and 327th QM Co. Would be glad to hear from any sahibs from these outfitts.

LLOYD A. LOCKWOOD,
126 Orleans,
Battle Creek, Mich.

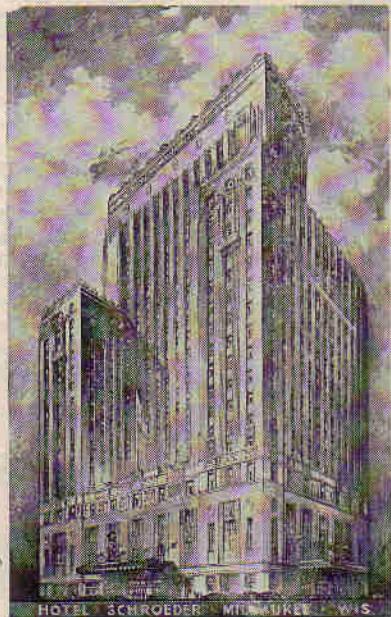


AT LALAGHAT, INDIA, tow ropes which had been lined on racks bordering the field, were placed in position in front of 1st Air Commando gliders so that as each transport moved into position, the tow line could be easily attached to the tow plane and the gliders. U.S. Army photo.

MILWAUKEE PREPARES FOR BIGGEST, BEST CBI REUNION OF ALL

"Meet Me in Milwaukee" next August 13-16, for the biggest, best and beer-iest CBI Veterans Association Reunion of them all, is the warm invitation extended by the Milwaukee Basha to CBI veterans everywhere.

Scene of the 1953 gathering will be the beautiful Hotel Schoeder, located in the heart of the city, within a short distance of Milwaukee's scenic lake-front drive.



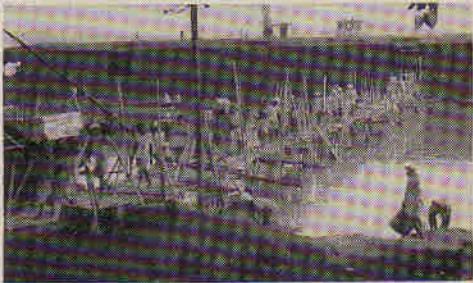
Already on the schedule of events are daily trips to three large breweries where each reunionite will be hosted with generous portions of the beers that make Milwaukee famous.

On opening night, CBI vets will be guests of a big name brewery where music, entertainment and refreshments will be provided without charge. The annual Reunion Banquet on Saturday night will be held in the Schroeder's beautiful Crystal Ballroom.

Other surprises will be forthcoming. For additional information and reservations, write the CBIVA Reunion Committee, P.O. Box 1848, Milwaukee 1, Wis.



CHINESE AND Americans view huge marble Buddha in Burmese town of Nambknam after capture by the Chinese. U.S. Army photo.



COOLIES UNLOAD equipment of the 978th Signal Op. Co. from ferryboat at Pandu Ghat, India. U.S. Army photo.



FURLough at Darjeeling, India



SIGNAL CORPSMEN are being transported across an Assam swamp. U.S. Army photo.

To The Editor



THIS WINTER SCENE was taken Christmas Day, 1943, outside Hq., 311th Fighter-Bomber Group at Dinjan, India. Men of the outfit pose with the GI-created "snowman." Photo by Robert Salmonsen.

70th Field Hospital

- Spent two years in CBI as Liaison Officer with the 1st Chinese Field Hospital and as C.O. of the 70th Field Hospital, USA.

SCOTT S. JONES, M.D.,
Tacoma, Wash.

Parts for Chennault

- Numerous CBI vets work at Wright-Patterson Field, Dayton, O., most of them former members of the 1st Ferrying Group, the first outfit to go to India to fly The Hump. I arrived in Karachi with my C-47 May 8, 1942, and made my first Hump flight a couple of days later with a load of P-40 parts for Col. Chennault of the A.V.G.

RICHARD L. FOSTER,
Medway, Ohio

Hobbie's Tent Mate

- . . . the story in the May issue concerning Hobbie Tezpur hit the spot. M/Sgt. C. T. Williamson, Hobbie and myself shared a tent for several months after we went into Burma. Have often wondered what became of Hobbie after he was taken to Bangalore.

JACK B. MISHLOVE,
Berlin, Wis.

If you'd like to join the CBI Veterans Assn., send \$3 annual dues with your application to Adjutant George C. Prager, 104 So. Kenilworth, Elmhurst, Ill.

676th Bomb. Sq.

- Am trying to locate a Sgt. Richardson who was in the 676th Bomb. Sq. of the 444th Bomb. Group in Dudkundi, India.

JOE GAETA,
1209 Washington,
Muscatine, Ia.

541st Port Co.

- Was stationed in Calcutta with the 541st Port Co., but was attached to the Air Depot. I helped store airplane engines on an export yard down at King George Docks until ready to ship back to the States for repairs. We handled the B-29 on down to the smallest inline engine. The engines were transported into the docks by Air Depot 40 and 60-foot trailers and taken off by our crew with Plane-loaders, and stacked three high with the aid of coolies of the export yard.

FELIX NOLAN,
New York, N.Y.

Rice Paddy Navy

- Am an ex-member of the "Rice Paddy Navy" (or S A C O organization) that operated in the CBI from 1942 to 1945. I served in the organization from Nov. 1942 until Aug. 1944. Most of my time was spent in Anhwei and Chekiang and Fukien provinces, though for a short time in early 1944 I was in the Presbyterian Missionary Hospital across the river from the 14th Air Force's base at Hengyang.

W. D. FLORENOY,
Chincoteague, Va.



GI TRUCK PASSES wreckage of Burmese temple at Namhkam. Retreating Japs blew up everything in sight that was useful. Photo by Syd Greenberg.

Journey to Shangri-La

An American Officer Describes His Trip to Beautiful Mussoorie

By Col. Brooke L. Wynkoop

JULY 30, 1944—I have finally seen something of what people rave about in India. It was so unusual I am sure I can't describe it adequately.

Last week several of us went to Dehra Dun and Mussoorie (about 175 miles north of Delhi). Dehra Dun is a beautiful summer resort. There are many in "the hills," but Mussoorie is a bit of heaven. You go six miles beyond Dehra Dun to get on the road to Mussoorie. As you look up from that point, you can see the homes and hotels, etc., six-thousand feet straight up. The road winds around, and I mean *winds* for 22 miles. Somewhat like going up Pike's Peak, but the road twists a great deal more and the hairpin curves are much more dangerous. Only one-way traffic at a time is permitted.

The brilliant green foliage is interspersed with waterfalls wild white and yellow lillies and many strange native flowers, all beautiful. There are thousands of vivid green terraced rice paddies, baboons, monkeys, parrots and birds of all sizes and colors. You hear strange music and suddenly come upon flute-playing goatherds. This queer trip, as you go up, lasts for 22 miles, during most of which you hold on to your seat, scared to death a dozen times for each mile. Our Jeep had broken down at Dehra Dun, and we had exchanged it for a Command car, almost as big as a truck, the weight of which added to our worry as there were several delays on account of repairs to land slides which had already occurred, due to the heavy rains. We were stopped at least four times to register, show our credentials, pay toll, and have our license number checked and double-checked. We left our car about one-half mile from the top as the grade is too steep. You get out and are carried in a swinging seat to the top by four coolies. There are dozens of shouting applicants for the job.

The top is Mussoorie—Shangri-La if there ever was one. The town extends for about three miles. Only one street along the ridge of the mountain no wider than the Sky Line Drive in Virginia at its narrowest point. All this is on top of one of the foot hills of the Himalayas which disappear in the clouds close by the north.

There are lots of clouds that hang low and travel fast, lots of rain, but sunny most of the time. Very quick weather changes.

In walking around you have a feeling of being in an airplane or on the deck of a huge steamer, particularly when the clouds go by so fast. The beauty of the whole setting is unbelievable. Delightful hotels, residences, shops and night clubs and without a doubt one of the nicest crowds of people—many English and few Americans—you could find anywhere.

There are Nawabs, Nazims and Mahajas who live in splendor such as Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer never dreamed of.

One evening as we sat on the veranda of our part of the hotel, we listened to the weirdest singing coming from a temple about a hundred yards away. At first you don't like it, but soon it sounds like an old Southern colored lullaby. It never seemed to stop and easily outran a 24-player Capehart before we moved on.

One night we visited a very elaborate night club. The music was modern and excellent. Our table was situated next to the Nawab of Rampur. His party of about 40 was served by his private waiters, which with his own wine stewards, body guards, etc., were a sight to behold in their many hued costumes—as picturesque as his guests. Through a little wire-pulling and a few properly placed rupees, we were served the same food as they, and the Colony Restaurant in New York could take a few lessons from them.

The Nawab and his memsahib had arrived in a 59th Street Victoria like this—shiny black lacquer and gold body, rubber-tired wheels and six coolies in front and six behind, pulling and pushing on the handlebars fore and aft. It was a real 12-cylinder job. The coolies were all decked out in splendid gold brocade uniforms, but barefoot, of course. The other guests arrived in similar contraptions, but with only eight or ten "cylinders" instead of 12.

I am told that there are several other summer resorts similar to Mussoorie but as yet I haven't seen them and I doubt if any can compare more favorably. I always suspected that I was a sybarite—Mussoorie confirmed it.—THE END.

East Coast CBI-ers!!

Meet Your Buddies at the

BIG CBI RALLY

WASHINGTON HOTEL

Washington, D.C.

SATURDAY

DECEMBER 6, 1952

A program is being arranged which will include a general get-together during the day, particularly in the afternoon, and which will come to a climax with a cocktail party at 6:00 p.m. and a banquet at 7:00 p.m. At the banquet we will have several prominent speakers, including possibly General Lewis A. Pick who has promised to be present if he is still in Washington at that time.

The Committee is arranging for tours of the city for those who wish them and the wives of the Committeemen are arranging a program for the women who may attend the rally.

From the cards already received there is every indication of a good attendance. Our National CBIVA Commander, Bob Bolender, will be present.

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Washington, D.C.

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To the Editor . . .

—Continued—

'Santa Monica' Reunion

• A group of typewriter commandos, 61 in number, who made the trip to India via the Grace Line ship, Santa Monica, in 59 days, held its second bi-annual reunion last June at Annapolis, Md. The turnout was fair. Next reunion of this group of former Queensway sahibs will be in Phila., Pa., in June of 1954. However, after reading in the Nov. issue that the CBIVA reunion will be held in Washington in 1954, I think it would be a fine idea if we changed the date and geographical location to meet with the CBI convention in August. I'll work on that.

HAROLD GRIFFIN,
Portland, Me.

748th Ry. Op. Bn.

• I have been a subscriber from the beginning and have enjoyed Roundup immensely. Glad to hear there will be a reunion in the east within a year or two. I was released this past June from the army after completing two years of active duty as a reservist. Served in Germany and met and saw very many CBI vets while there. Served in the Infantry this time. In CBI I was with the 748th Ry. Op. Bn. at Tinsukia. Many probably don't remember my name but will remember me by my job. I was Sergeant of the SMP's on the post.

EDGAR WHITMORE,
Willimantic, Conn.

Funniest Story

• George Russell's "Shanghai Ricksha Derby" (Nov. issue) was the funniest story I've read in a long time. The way he tells it, it's a lot better to read the tale than to have actually been there. Hope Russell will write more stories for Roundup.

HARVEY KELLER,
Springfield, Ill.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

INDEX TO BACK ISSUES

Roundup frequently receives letters from subscribers who ask "Do you have any back issues with stories of my old outfit?" Now we are going to reply to all readers with an index to feature stories and the number of actual CBI photos in each available back issue.

Our supply of back issues is rapidly dwindling, so those who wish to order should do so quickly. Price is 25c per copy:

November 1952

CBI Air Forces, 4 pages; Merrill's Marauders, 1 page; Shanghai Ricksha Derby, 2½ pages. Total photos in issue 27.

September 1952

Gen. Wingate of Burma, 2½ pages; Hump Flying, 2 pages; Delhi GI Band, 1 page; Morale in CBI, 6 pages; Special Services show troupe, mentioning 25th Field Hospital, 2 pages. Total photos 51.

July 1952

Original CBI Roundup, 7 pages; Assam Comforters, 1 page; CBI Photo wallahs, 5 pages. Total photos 29.

May 1952

Postwar Burma Dream, 1½ pages; People GI's met in CBI, 8 pages; Teddy Weatherford, Negro band leader in India, 1½ pages; Movies in CBI, 2 pages. Total photos 35.

March 1952

Leaving CBI, 3 pages; CBI Radio Stations, 5 pages; Kids adopted by GI's, 3 pages; Chandernagore, 1 page. Total photos 37.

January 1952

Bargains & Merchant Wallahs, 3 pages; History of 330th Engineers, 7 pages. Total photos 34.

November 1951

Nisei GI's of Merrill's Marauders, 4½ pages; Assam Earthquake, 1½ pages; GI Ingenuity in CBI, 3 pages; Pipe-liners History, 4 pages. Total photos 43.

September 1951

51st Fighter Group rescue, 1 page; Signal Corps brief history, most outfits mentioned, 6 pages; History of 51st Fighter Control Sq., 3 pages. Total photos 46.

July 1951

List of 288 CBI outfits mentioned in previous issues; Ledo Road condition after war, 4½ pages; History of 95th Station Hospital, 4 pages. Total photos 39.

May 1951

History of 7th Bomb. Group, 6 pages; Mules in Merrill's Marauders outfit, 124th Cavalry, 4½ pages. Total photos 62.

March 1951

Joe Doyer of Merrill's Marauders, 3 pages. Total photos 54.

January 1951

First Convoy to China, 6½ pages; China GI adopts, brings Chinese orphan girl to U.S., 3½ pages; Bombay ship explosion, ¾-page. Photos of all personnel of 263rd General Hospital. Total photos 52.

November 1950

Burma Surgeon arrested, 2 pages; CBI Railway Bns., mentioning all outfits, many illustrations, 8½ pages. Total photos 49.

September 1950

CBI Generals photos (8); Hump walk-out story, 3½ pages; Ghost plane story from Jorhat, 1 page. Several short stories. Total photos 39.

June 1950

Gussack Returns to India, photos of scenes in India taken 1950, 14 pages. Total photos 104.

March 1950

Picture story of 14th Air Force, 7 pages; Postwar Flying Tiger Line, 2 pages. Total photos 40.

Issues of December and September 1949 freely illustrated, containing many letters from subscribers. Remaining issue of September 1948 contains only 7 photos, 76 letters from readers, half of the 44th Air Service Group, the outfit for which Ex-CBI was originally published in 1946. No other back issues are available.



IN THIS GROUP of Washington men celebrating are Maj. Milton E. Wertz, T/Sgt. Jacob Milwitz, Lt. Don F. Riordan, and Capt. Joseph W. Marshall. U.S. Army photo taken in China.



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